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No. 207.

MOTHER'S BOY.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

Was mother's boy beautiful? Ask the blue clouds
Breaking away from their pale, clinging shrouds,
Why they paused in their breeze-borne flight,
To tinge his eyes with their azured light?
Melting, glistening in infantile joy,
Making more beautiful mother's dear boy.

Was mother's boy beautiful? Ask the bright ray,
Leaving the glazy skies, onward to stray,
Why it strayed from kindred there,
To sift its gold on his ringlets fair,
Burningish all like a halo of joy,
Making more beautiful mother's sweet boy.

Is mother's boy beautiful? I fancy I hear
A wandering angel-toned, love-prisoned near:
"Beauty perfected clothes boy now;
Sweet voice praise-filled; gem-circled his brow;
Mother will see her boy when earthland, dim,
Blends with the Star-land, Heaven and him."

The Headless Horseman.

A STRANGE STORY OF TEXAS.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FRONTIER FORT.

The "star-spangled banner" suspended above Fort Inge, as it flouts forth from its tall staff, flings its fitful shadow over a scene of strange and original interest.

It is a picture of pure frontier life—which perhaps only the pencil of the younger Vernet could truthfully portray—half-military, half-civilian—half-savage, half-civilized—mottled with figures of men whose complexions, costumes, and callings, proclaim them appertaining to the extremes of both, and every possible gradation between.

Even the *mise-en-scene*—the fort itself—is of this *misogenous* character. That star-spangled banner waves not over bastions and battlements; it flings no shadow over casemate or covered way, fosse, scarpment, or glacis—scarcely any thing that appertains to a fortress.

A rude stockade, constructed out of trunks of *algarroba*, inclosing shed-stabling for two hundred horses; outside this a half-score buildings of the plainest *architectural* style—some of them mere huts of "wattle and daub"—*jacales*—the biggest a barrack; behind in the hospital, the stores of the commissary, and quartermaster; on one side the guard-house; and on the other, more pretentiously placed, the mess-room and officers' quarters; all plain in their appearance—plastered and whitewashed with the lime plentifully found on the Leona—all neat and clean, as becomes a cantonment of troops wearing the uniform of a great civilized nation. Such is Fort Inge.

At a short distance off another group of houses meets the eye—nearly, if not quite, as imposing as the cluster above described bearing the name of "The Fort." They are just outside the shadow of the flag, though under its protection—for to it are they indebted for their origin and existence. They are the gem of the village that universally springs up in the proximity of an American military post—in all probability, and at no very remote period, to become a town—perhaps a great city.

At present their occupants are a sutler, whose store contains "knick-knacks" not classed among commissariat rations; a hotel-keeper whose bar-room, with white, sanded floor, and shelves sparkling with prismatic glass tempts the idler to step in; a brace of gamblers whose rival tables of *faro* and *monte* extract from the pockets of the soldiers most part of their pay; a score of dark-eyed semi-cretins of questionable reputation; a like number of hunters, teamsters, *mustangers*, and monecripts—such as constitute in all countries the hangers-on of a military cantonment, or the followers of a camp.

The houses in the occupancy of this motley corporation have been "sited" with some design. Perhaps they are the property of a single speculator. They stand around a "square," where, instead of lamp-posts or statues, may be seen the decaying trunk of a cypress, or the bushy form of a huckleberry, rising out of a *lapis* of trodden grass.

The Leona—at this point a mere rivulet—glides past in the rear both of fort and village. To the front extends a level plain, green as verdure can make it—in the distance darkened by a bordering of woods, in which post-oaks and pecans, live oaks and elms, struggle for existence with spinous plants of cactus and *anona*; with scores of creepers, climbers, and parasites almost unknown to the botanist. To the south and east along the banks of the stream you see scattered houses; the homesteads of plantations; some of them rude and of recent construction, with a few of more pretentious style, and evidently of older origin.

One of these last particularly attracts the attention: a structure of superior size—with flat roof, surmounted by a crenelled parapet—whose white walls show conspicuously against the green background of forest with which it is half encircled. It is the hacienda of *Casa del Corvo*.

Turning your eye northward, you behold a curious isolated eminence—a gigantic cone of rocks—rising several hundred feet above the level of the plain; and beyond, in dim distance, a waving horizontal line indicating the outlines of the Guadalupe mountains—the outstanding spurs of that elevated and almost untraversed plateau, the *Llano Estacado*.

Look aloft! You behold a sky, half-sapphire, half-turquoise; by day, showing no other spot than the orb of its golden god; by night studded with stars that appear clipped from clear steel, and a moon whose well-defined disk outshines the effulgence of silver.

Look below—at that hour when moon and stars have disappeared, and the land-wind arrives from Matagorda Bay, laden with the fragrance of flowers; when it strikes the starry flag, unfolding it to the eye of the moon—then look below, and behold the picture that should



"Spell it, Miss. It air sweet enuff 'thout that sort o' doctorin'; 'specially arter ye hev looked inter the glass."

have been painted by the pencil of Vernet—too varied and vivid, too plentiful in shapes, costumes and coloring, to be sketched by the pen.

In the tableau you distinguish soldiers in uniform—the light blue of the United States infantry, the darker cloth of the dragoons, and the almost invisible green of the mounted riflemen.

You will see but few in full uniform—only the officers of the day, the captain of the guard and the guard itself.

Their comrades off duty lounge about the barracks, or within the stockade inclosure, in red-flannel shirts, slouch hats, and boots innocent of blacking.

They mingle with men whose costumes make no pretense to a military character: tall hunters in tunics of dressed deer-skin, with leggings to correspond—herdsmen and mustangiers, habited a la *Mexicaine*—Mexicans themselves, in wide *calzoneros*, *serapes* on their shoulders, *bolas* on their legs, huge spurs upon their heels, and glazed *sombrenos* set jauntily on their crowns. They palaver with Indians on a friendly visit to the fort, for trade or treaty; whose tents stand at some distance, and from whose shoulders hang blankets of red, and green, and blue—giving them a picturesque, even classical, appearance, in spite of the hideous paint with which they have daubed their skins, and the dirt that renders sticky their long black hair, lengthened by tresses taken from the tails of their horses.

Picture to the eye of your imagination this jumble of mixed nationalities—in their varied costumes of race, condition and calling; jet in here and there black-skinned scion of Ethiopia, the body-servant of some officer, or the emissary of a planter from the adjacent settlements; imagine them standing in gossiping groups, or strolling over the level plain, amidst some half-dozed wagons; a couple of six-pounders upon their carriages, with caissons close by; a square tent or two, with its surmounting fly—occupied by some eccentric officer who prefers sleeping under canvas; a stack of bayoneted rifles belonging to the soldiers on guard—imagine all these component parts, and you will have before your mind's eye a truthful picture of a military fort upon the frontier of Texas, and the extreme selvedge of civilization.

About a week after the arrival of the Louisiana planter at his new home, three officers were seen standing upon the parade ground in front of Fort Inge, with their eyes toward the hacienda of *Casa del Corvo*.

They were all young men: the oldest not over thirty years of age. His shoulder-straps with the double bar proclaimed him a captain; the second, with a single cross bar, was a first lieutenant; while the youngest of the two, with an empty chevron, was either a second lieutenant or "brevet."

They were off duty; engaged in conversation—their theme, the "new people" in *Casa del Corvo*—by which was meant the Louisiana planter and his family.

"A sort of housewarming it's to be," said the infantry captain, alluding to an invitation that had reached the fort, extending to all the commissioned officers of the garrison. "Dinner first, and dancing afterward—a regular field day, where I suppose we shall see paraded the aristocracy and beauty of the settlement."

"Aristocracy?" laughingly rejoined the lieutenant of dragoons. "Not much of that here, I fancy; and of beauty still less."

"You mistake, Hancock. There are both upon the banks of the Leona; some good States' families have strayed out this way. We'll meet them at Poindexter's party, no doubt.

On the question of aristocracy, the host himself, if you'll pardon a poor joke, is himself a host. He has enough of it to inoculate all the company that may be present; and as for beauty, I'll back his daughter against any

thing this side the Sabine. The commissary's niece will be no longer belle about here."

"Oh, indeed!" drawled the lieutenant of rifles, in a tone that told of his being chafed by this representation. "Miss Poindexter must be duced good-looking, then."

"She's all that, I tell you, if she be any thing like what she was when I last saw her, which was at a Bayou Lafourche ball. There were half a dozen Creoles there, who came nigh crossing swords about her."

"A coquette, I suppose?" insinuated the rifleman.

"Nothing of the kind, Crossman. Quite the contrary, I assure you. She's a girl of spirit, though—likely enough to snub any fellow who might try to be too familiar. She's not without some of the father's pride. It's a family trait of the Poindexters."

"Just the girl I should cotton to," jocosely remarked the young dragoon. "And if she's as good-looking as you say, Captain Sloman, I shall certainly go in for her. Unlike Crossman here, I'm clear of all entanglements of the heart. Thank the Lord for it!"

"Well, Mr. Hancock," rejoined the infantry officer, a gentleman of sober inclinations, "I'm not given to betting; but I'd lay a big wager you won't say that after you have seen Louise Poindexter—that is, if you speak your mind."

"Pshaw, Sloman! don't you be alarmed about me. I've been too often under the fire of bright eyes to have any fear of them."

"None so bright as hers."

"Denote take it! you make a fellow fall in love with this lady without having set eyes upon her. She must be something extraordinary—incomparable."

"She was both, when I last saw her."

"How long ago was that?"

"The Lafourche ball! Let me see—about eighteen months. Just after we got back from Mexico. She was then 'coming out,' as society styles it:

"A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born."

"Eighteen months is a long time," sagely remarked Crossman, "a long time for an unmarried maiden—especially among Creoles, where they often get 'spliced' at twelve, instead of 'sweet sixteen.' Her beauty may have lost some of its bloom!"

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"All the white gen'l'm'. De young planter, de officer ob de fort—all ob dem. 'Wif you hair, Miss Looey, I could dem all make conques."

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the young lady, amused at the idea of Florinda figuring under that magnificent chevelure. "You think, with my hair upon your head, you would be invincible among the men?"

"No, missa—not you' hair alone—but wif you' sweet face—you' skin, white as de alum-baster—you' tall figura—you' grand look. Oh, Miss Looey, you am so 'plendidly bew'ful'! I hear de white gen'l'm' say so. I no need hear 'em say it. I see dat f'm' masef!"

"You're learning to flatter, Florinda."

"No, 'deed, Missa—n'er a word ob' flattery—n'er a word, I sw' a' it. By de 'postles, I sw' a' it."

To one who looked upon her mistress, the earnest asseveration of the maid was not necessary to prove the sincerity of her speech, however hyperbolical it might appear. To say that Louise Poindexter was beautiful would only be to repeat the universal verdict of the society that surrounded her. A single glance was sufficient to satisfy any one upon this point—strangers as well as acquaintances. It was a kind of beauty that needed no *discovering*—and yet it is difficult to describe it. The pen can not portray such a face. Even the pencil could convey but a faint idea of it: for no painter, however skilled, could represent upon cold canvas the glowing, ethereal light that emanated from her eyes, and appeared to radiate over her countenance. Her features were purely classic, resembling those types of female beauty chosen by Phidias or Praxiteles. And yet in all the Grecian Pantheon there is no face to which it could have been likened: for it was not the countenance of a goddess; but, something more attractive to the eye of man, the face of a woman.

A suspicion of sensuality, apparent in the voluptuous curving of the lower lip—still more pronounced in the prominent rounding beneath the cheeks—while depriving the countenance of its pure spiritualism, did not perhaps detract from its beauty. There are men, who, in this departure from the divine type, would have perceived a superior charm: since in Louise Poindexter they would have seen not a divinity to be worshipped but a woman to be loved.

Her only reply vouchsafed to Florinda's earnest asseveration was a laugh—careless, though not incredulous. The young Creole did not need to be reminded of her beauty. She was not unconscious of it: as could be told by her taking more than one long look into the mirror before which her toilet was being made. The flattery of the negroress called up an emotion; certainly not more than she might have felt at the fawning of a pet spaniel; and she soon after surrendered to the reverie from which the speech had aroused her.

Florinda was not silenced by observing her mistress' air of abstraction. The girl had evidently something on her mind—some mystery, of which she desired the *éclat*—and was determined to have it.

"All 't'sh" she continued, as if talking to herself; "if Florinda had half ob charm ob young missa, she for nobody care—she for nobody heave de deep sigh!"

"Sigh!" repeated her mistress, suddenly startled by the speech. "What do you mean by that?"

"Pa' dieu, Miss Looey, Florinda no ob blind you' t'ns; nor so deaf neider. She you see long time sit in de same place; you neber' peak no word—you only heave de sigh—de long, deep sigh. You neber' do dat in ole plantashun in Loozayann."

"Florinda! I fear you are taking leave of your senses, or have left them behind you in Louisiana?" Perhaps there's something in the climate here that affects you. Is that so, girl?"

"Pa' dieu, Miss Looey, dat question ob your self ask. You no' be angry 'ca'se I peak so plain. Florinda you' slave—she you lub like a brack sissier. She no' happy hear you sigh. Dat why she hab take de freedom. You no' be angry wif me?"

"Certainly not. Why should I be angry with you, child? I'm not. I didn't say I was; only you are quite mistaken in your ideas. What you've seen or heard could be only a fancy of your own. As for sighing, heigho! I have something else to think of just now. I have to entertain about a hundred guests—nearly all strangers, too; among them the young planters and officers whom you would entangle if you had my hair. Ha! ha! ha! I don't desire to entangle them—not one of them! So twist it up as you like—without the semblance of a snare in it."

"Oh, Miss Looey! you so 'peak'?" inquired the negro with an air of evident interest. "You say none ob dem gen'l'm' you care for? Dere am two, t'ree, berry, berry, berry, han'som'. One planter dar be, an' two ob de officer—all young gen'l'm'. You know de t'ree I mean. All ob dem hab been'tive to you. You sure, missa, tain't one ob dem dat you make sigh?"

"Sigh again! Ha! ha! ha! But come, Florinda, we're losin' time. Recollect I've got to be in the drawing-room to receive a hundred guests. I must have at least half an hour to compose myself into an attitude befitting such a grand reception."

"No fear, Miss Looey—no fear. I you toilette make in time—plenty ob time. No much trouble you dress. Pa' dieu, in any dress you look 'plendif'. You be de belle if you dress like one ob de fel' hand ob de plantashun."

"What a flatterer you are grown, Florinda! I shall begin to suspect that you're after some favor. Do you wish me to intercede, and make up your quarrel with Pluto?"

"No, missa, I be friend neber more wid Pluto. He show himself such great coward when come dat storm on de brack prairie. Ah, Miss Looey! what we boof do if dat young white gen'l'm' on de red hoss no com ridin' dat way?"

"If he had not, *chere* Florinda, it is highly probable neither of us would now have been here."

"Ob, missa, wasn't he real fancy man, dat 're? You see him bew'ful face. You see him thick hair, jess de color ob your own—only curled little bit like mine. Talk ob de young planter, or dem officer at de fort! De brack folk say he no good for nuffin', like dem—he only poor white trash. Who care fo' dat? He and de sort ob man could make dis chile sign. Ah! de berry, berry sort!"

Up to this point the young Creole had preserved a certain tranquility of countenance. She tried to continue it; but the effort failed her. Whether by accident or design, Florinda had touched the most sensitive chord in the spirit of her mistress.

She would have been loth to confess it, even to her slave: and it was a relief to her, when loud voices heard in the courtyard gave a colorable excuse for terminating her toilette, along with the delicate dialogue upon which she might have been constrained to enter.

CHAPTER XI.
Blonda I AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

"SAY, ye durnation nigger! whar's your master?"

"Mass Poindexter, sar? De ole mass'r, or de youn' un?"

"Young 'un be durned! I mean Mister Poindexter. Who else shed I? Whar air he?"

"Ho—ho! sar, am sm' boaf at home—dat is, dey am boaf' way from de house—de ole mass'r an' de young Mass'r Henry. Dey am down de ribber, wha de folk am makin' de new fence. Ho! ho! you find 'em dar."

"Down the river! How fur dy'e reck'n?"

"Ho! ho! sar. Dis nigga reck'n it be 'bout three or four mile—dat at de berry leas'!"

"Three or four mile? Ye must be a durma-toned fool, nigger. Mister Poindexter's plantation don't go that fur; an' I reck'n he ain't the man to be makin' a fence on som' dy'e else's clarin'! Look hyur! What time air he expected hum? You've got a straighter idee o' that, I hope?"

"Dey boaf' peected home berry soon, de young mass'r an' ole mass'r, and Mass' Ca-houn, too. Ho! ho! dar's agwine to be bout 'sself by de smell ob de kitchen, Ho! ho! All sorts o' gran' feas'in—de roas' an' do biles, an' de barbecue; de pot-pies, an' de chicken fix'in's. Ho! ho! ain't dey agwine to go it hyar Jess like de ole times on de coas' ob de Mississippi! Hoora fo' ole Mass' Poindexter! He de right sort. Ho! ho! ho! stranger! why you no Holla to me: you no frien' ob ole mass'r?"

"Durn you, nigger, don't ye remember me? Now I look into yur ugly mug, I recollect you."

"Gorranghity! tain't Mass' Tump—'tuse to fetch de ven'son an' de turkey gobbls to de ole plantashun? Be dujmo, it am, tho'. Law, Mass' Tump, dis nigga' members you like it wa' de day afore yesterday. I see heen you called de odder day; but I war away from 'bout de place. I'm de coachman now—drives de carriage dat carries de lady ob de establishment de bew'ful Missy Loo' Lor', mass', she berry fine gal. Dey do say she beat Florinday into fits. Neba mind, Mass' Tump, you better wait till ole mass'r come home. He an' a boun' to be bya, in de shortess poss'ble time."

"Wal, if that's so, I'll wait upon him," rejoined the hunter, leisurely lifting his leg over the saddle—in which, up to this time, he had retained his seat. "Now, ole fellur," he added, passing the bridle into the hands of the negro, "you gife the marr a dozen years o' corn out o' the crib. I've rid the critter better'n a score o' miles like a streak of lightnin', all to do your master a service."

"Oh, Mr. Zehulon Stump, is it you?" exclaimed a silvery voice, followed by the appearance of Louise Poindexter upon the veranda.

"I thought it was," continued the young lady, coming up to the railings, "though I did not expect you so soon. You said you were going upon a long journey. Well, I am pleased that you are here; and so will papa and Henry be. Pluto go instantly to Chloe, the cook, and see what she can give you for Mr. Stump's dinner. You have not dined, I know. You are dusty—you've been travelin'?"

"Wal, if that's so, I'll wait upon him," rejoined the hunter, leisurely lifting his leg over the saddle—in which, up to this time, he had retained his seat. "Now, ole fellur," he added, passing the bridle into the hands of the negro, "you gife the marr a dozen years o' corn out o' the crib. I've rid the critter better'n a score o' miles like a streak of lightnin', all to do your master a service."

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"Thanks, gentlemen—thanks!" said the mustanger, with a patronizing look toward men who believed themselves to be his masters. "This mustang is my luckpenny; and if Miss Poindexter will condescend to accept of it, I shall feel more than repaid for the three-days' chase which the creature has cost me. Had she been the most cruel of coquettes, she could scarce have been more difficult to subdue."

"I accept your gift, sir; and with gratitude," responded the young Creole—for the first time proclaiming herself, and stepping freely forth as she spoke. "But I have a fancy," she continued, pointing to the mustang—at the same time that her eye rested inquisitively on the countenance of the mustanger—"a fancy that your captive is not yet tame?" She but trembles in fear of the unknown future. She may yet kick against the traces, if she finds the harness not to her liking; and then what am I to do?" poor I!"

"True, Maurice!" said the major, widely mistaken as to the meaning of the mysterious speech, and addressing the only man on the ground who could possibly have comprehended it; Miss Poindexter speaks very sensibly. That mustang has not been tamed yet—any one may see it. Come, my good fellow! give her the lesson."

"Ladies and gentlemen!" continued the major, turning toward the company, "this is something worth your seeing—those of you who have not witnessed the spectacle before. Come, Maurice, mount and show us a specimen of prairie horsemanship. She looks as though she would put your skill to the test."

"You are right, major: she does!" replied the mustanger, with a quick glance, directed, not toward the captive quadruped, but to the young Creole, who, with all her assumed courage, retired tremblingly behind the circle of spectators.

"No matter, my man," pursued the major, in a tone intended for encouragement. "In spite of that devil sparkling in her eye, I'll lay ten to one you'll take the conceit out of her. Try!"

Without losing credit, the mustanger could not have declined according to the major's request. It was a challenge to skill—to equestrian prowess—a thing not lightly esteemed upon the prairies of Texas.

He proclaimed his acceptance of it by leaping lightly out of his saddle, resigning his own to Zeb Stump, and exclusively giving his attention to the captive.

The only preliminary called for was the clearing of the ground. This was effected in an instant, the greater part of the company, with all the ladies, returning to the azotea.

With only a piece of raw-hide rope looped around the under jaw, and carried headstall fashion behind the ears—with only one rein in hand—Maurice sprang to the back of the wild

It was the first time she had ever been mounted by man—the first insult of the kind offered to her.

A shrill, spiteful scream spoke plainly her appreciation of and determination to resent it. It proclaimed defiance of the attempt to degrade her to the condition of a slave!

With equine instinct, she reared upon her hind legs, for some seconds balancing her body in an erect position. Her rider, anticipating the trick, had thrown his arms around her neck; and close clasping her throat, appeared part of herself. But for this she might have poised over upon her back, and crushed him beneath her.

The uprearing of the hind quarters was the next trick of the mustang—sure of being tried, and most difficult for the rider to meet without being thrown. From sheer conceit in his skill, he had declined saddle and stirrup, that would have stood him instead; but with these he could not have claimed accomplishment of the boasted feat of the prairies—to tame the naked steed.

He performed it without them. As the mare raised her hind quarters aloft, he turned quickly upon her back, threw his arms around the barrel of her body, and resting his toes upon the angular points of her shoulders, successfully resisted her efforts to unhorse him.

Twice or three times was the endeavor repeated by the mustang, and as often foiled by the skill of the mustanger; and then, as if conscious that such efforts were idle, the enraged animal plunged no longer; but, springing away from the spot, entered upon a gallop that appeared to have no goal this side the ending of the earth.

It must have come to an end somewhere; though n^o within sight of the spectators, who kept their places, waiting for the horse-tamer's return.

Conjectures that he might be killed, or, at the least, badly "crippled," were freely ventured as to his absence; and there was one upon whom such an event would have produced a painful impression—almost as painful as if her own life depended upon his safe return. Why Louise Poindexter, daughter of the proud Louisiana sugar-planter—a belle—a beauty of more than provincial repute—who could, by simply saying yes, have had for a husband the richest and noblest in the land—why she should have fixed her fancy, or even permitted her thoughts to stray upon a poor horse-hunter of Texas, was a mystery that even her own intellect—by no means a weak one—was unable to fathom.

Perhaps she had not gone so far as to fix her fancy upon him. She did not think so herself. Had she thought so, and reflected upon it, perhaps she would have recoiled from the contemplation of certain consequences, that could not have failed to present themselves to her mind.

She was but conscious of having conceived some strange interest in a strange individual—one who had presented himself in a fashion that favored fanciful reflections—one who differed essentially from the commonplace types introduced to her in the world of social distinctions.

She was conscious, too, that this interest—originating in a word, a glance, a gesture—listened to or observed amid the ashes of a burnt prairie—instead of subsiding, had ever since been upon the increase!

It was not diminished when Maurice the mustanger came riding back across the plain, with the wild mare between his legs—no more wild, no longer trying to destroy him, but with lowered crest and men submissively acknowledging all the world that she had found her master!

Without acknowledging it to the world, or even to herself, the young Creole was inspired with a similar reflection.

"Miss Poindexter," said the mustanger, gliding to the ground, and without making an acknowledgment to the plaudits that were showered upon him, "may I ask you to step up to her, throw this lazo over her neck, and lead her to the stable? By so doing she will regard you as her tamer; and ever after submit to your will, if you but exhibit the sign that first deprived her of her liberty?"

A pride would have paled with the proposal, a coquette would have declined it—a timid girl would have shrunk back.

Not so Louise Poindexter—a descendant

of one of the *filles à la cassette*. Without a moment's hesitation—without the slightest show of prudery or fear—she stepped forth from the aristocratic circle; as instructed, took hold of the horsehair rope; whisked it across the neck of the tamed mustang and led the captive off toward the *caballeriza* of *Casa del Corvo*.

As she did so, the mustanger's words were ringing in her ears, and echoing through her heart with a strange foreboding weird signification.

"She will regard you as her tamer, and ever after submit to your will, if you but exhibit the sign that first deprived her of her liberty."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 205.)

ONE-ARMED ALF, The Giant Hunter of the Great Lakes, or, THE MAID OF MICHIGAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "DEATH-NOTCH," "BOY FET," "SOLDIARY," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

THE fall of Mackinaw and the occupation of northern Michigan by the English forces was followed by the advance of the British army under General Brock upon Detroit, where Hull, with the American forces, was posted. With the English army proper, however, our story has nothing in particular to do; but one incident connected with our romance compels us to call the attention of the reader to the headquarters of General Brock while he was encamped with his army on the peninsula near the old French fort, hitherto mentioned.

In the tent of the British commander, on the morning of the escape of Captain Philip St. John and old Jack Eller from the power of the Indians, two persons were seated engaged in conversation. One of these persons was an Englishman wearing the clothes of a civilian, the other was an American dressed in the uniform of a captain of the American army.

The latter, it was easy to see, was a prisoner, although he was not bound, but two soldiers kept guard outside of the tent.

The Englishman was a man of about forty years, and possessed features that were hard and cruel, and even repulsive in those outward signs that told of a life of wickedness and dissipation.

With this man we have met before. It was Sir Joshua Pellington, and the young prisoner before him was none other than our young friend, Captain Philip St. John, who had unfortunately fallen into the power of the advance guard of the English army soon after his escape from the Indians.

Why these two were closeted in Brock's tent alone, we will let the run of their conversation tell, omitting the preliminaries and question which led to this reply from young St. John:

"It is no use talking, Pellington; you can not force me to submit to your desires in this matter. I prefer death to such a villainous deed. Three years ago at Montreal you harassed my life almost out of me to marry my cousin, Maria Bradbury, in order to unite the estates of the Imbercours and Lessingsford, which I solemnly believe you intended to make mine before he was born; and then, for two reasons: one was, Maria was married to a man she loved, Walter Garfield, and the other was, because I loved another."

"Yes," sneered the haughty, relentless villain, Sir Joshua, "you loved and were engaged to a low-born, plebeian American girl—one Helice Arvine, whom I have taken the precaution to put out of your way."

The young captain sprung to his feet as the villain spoke, and the fire that gleamed in his eyes completely covered the English bully, who, endeavoring to affect a cool indifference with poor success, replied:

"Sit down, Robert Imbercourt, and let us have one talk without quarreling. You should remember that I am your mother's brother, and by virtue of her will and the laws of England, your guardian."

"I care not for our relationship, sir," retorted St. John; "it will be no barrier between my fist and your crime-marked face if you speak disrespectfully of Helice Arvine again, now mind!"

"We will have no further words on that score, Robert," said Pellington, "but let me inform you that the influence I have with General Brock is all that will save your life as a deserter."

"I am not a deserter, sir, and I scorn your influence. I am no longer a subject of the British crown, but an American. I have discarded the name of Imbercourt because the blood of the Pellingtons is in the family; and as to my English fortune, I shall have nothing to do with it, for it has already entailed a curse upon many. And as my guardian you may consider yourself discharged. I am able to look after my own welfare; it is your own vice, wicked and selfish interests you have been working after, not mine, nor the Bradburys."

"I am not speaking of the Bradburys at all, Robert; for as I said before, they were all murdered—Maria and her husband, and her two brothers, Charles and Amos."

"Yes, and who murdered them?" St. John asked, fixing a stern, desperate look upon the villain.

"Why, as I told you, a band of Indians and English renegades."

"And by your instigation, too, was the murder committed! I heard your arrangements for the deed with one Major Mackelogan, that same night we met in Montreal!"

Sir Joshua turned ghastly pale, and for a moment it seemed as though he would be unable to maintain his seat.

"Robert," he finally gasped, "you are fast growing into a hot-headed, impulsive Yankee."

"Better than that an English assassin."

Again Sir Joshua winced under the youth's cutting retort.

"It is no use talking to you, Robert Imbercourt," he said, evasively.

"I am not Robert Imbercourt, but Philip St. John," interrupted the young man, "and I St. John, in the commission of a captain of the American army, given me by President Madison."

He was conscious, too, that this interest—originating in a word, a glance, a gesture—listened to or observed amid the ashes of a burnt prairie—instead of subsiding, had ever since been upon the increase!

It was not diminished when Maurice the mustanger came riding back across the plain, with the wild mare between his legs—no more wild, no longer trying to destroy him, but with lowered crest and men submissively acknowledging all the world that she had found her master!

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you knew Maria was married at the time I saw you in Montreal, three years ago? You told me then that you had never seen her nor either of her brothers."

"I say so yet. I never saw the Bradburys in my life, but I learned through a friend that Maria was married to one Walter Garfield, and so I wrote forthwith to her of your proposition to me and warned her of the dangerous plot you and Mackelogan had concocted for her murder, which you finally carried out by killing the whole family."

"Do you know Darcy Mayfield of Point Michigan?" the villain coolly asked.

"I have seen him; but what designs can you have against his life?" was the cutting response.

"None at all, my dear nephew; I have heard that he is Maria's husband, Walter Garfield."

This was really news to the captain, but it let in a ray of light upon a matter over which he had pondered a great deal. His thoughts went back to the cabin of One-Armed Alf. He recalled the demand of Long Run for Darcy Mayfield's surrender, and the conviction was acting in accordance with the wish of Sir Joshua himself. He recalled the fact of Darcy's silent demeanor, and the deep, troubled look that his face wore, which led to the belief that he was the terrible avenger, the Spirit of the Woods. His deadly threat of the red-skins tended to confirm this fact; and from what he had already gleaned from Pellington, he kept that they might not be raised against the red-men. And so the red-men would make the Great Spirit angry if they should slay One Arm, for he is an example of what will come to all the pale-faces that strike the Indians down."

"I don't believe in any such doctrine, Wild Cat," said a burly French half-breed, who pushed his way through the crowd at this moment.

"I see with peace in my heart," replied the scout, "but Wild Cat mistrusts me; does he fear me?"

"No Ojibway fears One Arm. He carries no weapons because he can not fight. The Great Spirit made him with but one arm, and the hand that grasps the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and the finger that pulls the trigger, he kept that they might not be raised against the red-men. And so the red-men would make the Great Spirit angry if they should slay One Arm, for he is an example of what will come to all the pale-faces that strike the Indians down."

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THE Saturday Journal

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Our Arm-Chair.

Literary Thiefs.—All editors have, as a common experience, the attempt of correspondents and would-be authors to palm off as original the work of others. These impostors usually are detected in their petty thefts, but occasionally one succeeds in winning the ill-merited honor of publication for their purloined contribution.

It does not surprise us to be informed by teachers that this crime of literary theft very largely prevails at school. We call it crime, for such it is, although, in the case of young people, the heinous nature of the offense is not comprehended. To write a "composition" is, with many, a hard and disagreeable task; and to be easily rid of the difficult duty, as well as to gain the little popularity that a good composition is sure to win, many a scholar stoops to the sin of flinging from some obscure source—from some old magazine or book.

To what extent this is practiced we are advised by a little incident, which is related by Mr. D. P. Page, First Principal of the State Normal School, at Albany.

A few years ago, while traveling in the New England States, his wife, at a hotel, found an article in a magazine which impressed her so favorably that she copied it into her scrap-book. He read it at the time, and had not thought of it since until the evening before, when the same article had been handed to him by one of the students, for "correction," as an original composition. He sincerely regretted that among young gentlemen and ladies, aspiring to the honorable position of teachers, even one should be found who would do so dishonorable a thing as to try to pass off, as his or her own, the productions of another, and his first impulse was to expose the fraud in open school. But he presumed it was the first thing of the kind that had occurred in that institution, and as there might be extenuating circumstances, he had concluded to forgive the offender, provided that individual should call at his room within three days, confess the fault, and promise not to repeat it. In this statement Mr. Page gave no intimation as to the character of the "piece," or the perpetuity of the offender, and, before the expiration of the three days, *more than two-thirds of the students had called upon him, acknowledged the offense, and apologized; and* "said he, while relating the circumstances, 'the right one did not come at all.'

Here we have a curious proof of the fact that literary piracy is common among teachers as well as among their pupils, for the Normal Schools are teachers' schools.

If teachers begin their career with imposture the question arises—what kind of a system of education will spring out of them?

Complexion "Beautifiers."—A very frequent query, both of young women and young men, is—"What will improve my complexion?" Sometimes we answer by giving a recipe for some simple wash, soap or unguent, but more frequently make no more answer than to the correspondent who asks, "What do you think of my writing?" The number of young women especially, who resort to artificial aids for "beautifying the face," is so great that we are told drug-gists sell enormously of these dressing-room creams, pomades, soaps, lotions, powders and washes. So great, indeed, is this traffic that physicians find in it the secret of many prevalent disorders. Dr. Lewis says of these beautifiers:

I have read, and you have all read, of the analysis which careful chemists have made of a great number of those preparations, and in this way we have learned that they are poisons. Arsenic is a very common ingredient. Not one of them, the analysis of which I have examined, is fit to rub on the human skin. We all rejoice that the hair preparations so generally employed to color the hair a few years since have gone out of fashion. They poisoned us, doing a great deal of harm to the brain and nervous system. These preparations were generally less poisons than the complexion fluids are, but were taken into the system in the same way, by absorption through the skin. The impression is gaining ground among medical men that a certain class of nervous affections, too common among our girls, originate in the fluids and powders which they employ to improve their complexions.

The motive which impels ladies to use these toilet preparations is an honorable one. To look their best is not only their privilege but their duty; and attempts to clear a rough skin, to drive away eruptions, moth-patches, to give a peach-bloom to a sallow cheek, are commendable. But they ought to know, what is here asserted, that the medicinal preparations are not only not good but absolutely deleterious, producing the very results which the person is most anxious to avoid. One lady friend of ours, a short time since, broke out, on face and hands, in obstinate sores, which, upon careful inquiry, were found to have been produced by the use of a somewhat noxious unguent. It contained arsenic, and her once soft and exceedingly delicate skin is now, in all probability, irretrievably ruined.

The true beautifier of the face and complexion is *good blood*. A clear eye, a glowing countenance, sprightliness of spirits, elasticity of frame, grace of carriage, all come from pure blood, and pure blood comes from three simple sources of unfailing supply, viz.:Nutritious and easily digested food—
Abundance of exercise in the open air—
Restful sleep from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M.These three are the true *invigorators*—the only safe beautifiers, whose inestimable value our young people fail to comprehend to a lamentable degree.**Chat.**—There is so much good sense in the following resolution of the Illinois State Teachers' Association, that we repeat it with hearty satisfaction:

Resolved, That no school or system of education is worthy to be tolerated which unites its subjects, either physically or sentimentally, for hardy toil. We recognize physical labor directed by trained intellect as the grand means by which our country is to reach the best development possible for any nation; and while we believe in an educated brain for every pair of hands, we believe no less in the necessity of a willing pair of hands for every brain.

That's the key-note to strike—a willing pair of hands for every brain! The wicked and mischievous idea that an education in some mysterious way unites a person for manual labor is one that teachers especially ought to combat. It is not true, or, if in some cases it has the semblance of truth, it is an anomaly. A trained intellect ought to be, and it usually is, far better fitted for work than the untrained—for head and hand work; and the day is not far distant when it will be a discredit for a man *not* to be well-informed—thoroughly educated in his particular calling as well as in those studies which are essentials in a substantial knowledge of his own language, literature, government and economy.

And, talking about a man's pursuit, what a singular error is it which pronounces the man of science hard, unsympathetic and intolerant? Why, our scientists are, as a rule, the most amiable men. Some of the hardest, most unsympathetic and most intolerant men we ever met were those who denounce the men of science. Science is so much of a cosmopolitan that its worshiper must be of ingrained perversity to resist its benign and generous influence. We are told that Agassiz was as kind and tender as a woman, and sought for specimens with the ardor of a lover, and communicated the glow of his own enthusiasm to his pupils. Faraday was as gentle as a child to the last. Herschel was more of a lover than an astronomer. Humboldt was generous almost to a fault, and Arago kept the chivalric spirit of youth alive till he died. And all of them, with the single exception of Faraday, kept up a lively interest in the general movements of thought and the achievements of mind outside their special provinces of investigation—were, in fact, great suggestors in matters of reform, or progress, or advance in society or the State. The study of special branches, are bringing forward many eminent men, in both the Old World and the New, and as a result our intelligence is augmenting with amazing rapidity. The man of science now holds an honored position in public estimation—which, in itself, is a good "sign of the time."

It does not surprise us to be informed by teachers that this crime of literary theft very largely prevails at school. We call it crime, for such it is, although, in the case of young people, the heinous nature of the offense is not comprehended. To write a "composition" is, with many, a hard and disagreeable task; and to be easily rid of the difficult duty, as well as to gain the little popularity that a good composition is sure to win, many a scholar stoops to the sin of flinging from some obscure source—from some old magazine or book.

To what extent this is practiced we are advised by a little incident, which is related by Mr. D. P. Page, First Principal of the State Normal School, at Albany.

A few years ago, while traveling in the New England States, his wife, at a hotel, found an article in a magazine which impressed her so favorably that she copied it into her scrap-book. He read it at the time, and had not thought of it since until the evening before, when the same article had been handed to him by one of the students, for "correction," as an original composition. He sincerely regretted that among young gentlemen and ladies, aspiring to the honorable position of teachers, even one should be found who would do so dishonorable a thing as to try to pass off, as his or her own, the productions of another, and his first impulse was to expose the fraud in open school. But he presumed it was the first thing of the kind that had occurred in that institution, and as there might be extenuating circumstances, he had concluded to forgive the offender, provided that individual should call at his room within three days, confess the fault, and promise not to repeat it. In this statement Mr. Page gave no intimation as to the character of the "piece," or the perpetuity of the offender, and, before the expiration of the three days, *more than two-thirds of the students had called upon him, acknowledged the offense, and apologized; and* "said he, while relating the circumstances, 'the right one did not come at all.'

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TO ONE WHO KNOWS.

BY M. R. C.

The morning sunlight on the hills
Kisses the land and sea,
So flows with joy my whole heart fills,
As flows the stream my love I pour;
And only thee it loves;
My heart the source, and thou the shore,
To hold it lashing waves.
What think'st thou, dearest, of this love
That's given to thee,
As rivers ever onward move
And flow into the sea?

They spirit penetrates my heart
To rouse or hush my soul;
One look of thine can through me dart,
And all the "me" control.
Then turn'st thou the chords of love at will,
That can command command;
They tremble, minnows plead or thrill
Beneath thy master hand.
Then lead me, dear, with thy strong hands
Along whatever way;
They nature all my own commands,
Can not disobey.

Then art my world, a part, the whole
That's given to me, nothing is;
To know thee, and be in thy soul—
This is ecstatic bliss;
How Fate with all this love will deal
Do not care to know;
All that I wish to say and feel
I tell thee all; I know no art;
To thee my soul is here;
Then draw me closer to thy heart,
And keep me always there!

Gentleman George:
OR,
PARLOR, PRISON, STAGE, AND STREET.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "MAD DETECTIVE,"
"BOBBY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DANE," "OVER-
LAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF
SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FINDING A VBRDICT.

FOR a minute at least eleven jurymen sat and stared at the twelfth, amazement written on each face.

And as for the man who had created such a ripple of astonishment, so to speak, he sat with stolid face, as if unconscious of the effect that his words had produced.

Blake was hardly more than an overgrown boy, and from his face it was plainly evident that he was not gifted with any extra amount of brains.

But, from his dull, stolid face, one would have been apt to regard him more as a fool than a rogue.

"Really, I confess I am not sure that I understand your remark, sir," the foreman of the jury said. "Did you say you thought the prisoner was innocent and ought to be acquitted?"

"That's what I said" Blake replied, placidly.

"Well, sir, I am at a loss to guess by what process of reasoning you can arrive at any such conclusion!" Hamersley exclaimed, in amazement.

Blake did not reply.

"Perhaps our friend at the lower end of the table believes, from the evidence of the old man and the wife of the prisoner, that he was not present when the officer was shot?" suggested the broker, in his smooth, oily way.

Blake made no answer to this implied explanation or excuse for his opinion. He was leaning on his elbow on the table, resting the side of his head on his hand and staring vacantly up at the ceiling.

After waiting a little while, and finding that Blake did not intend to say anything, the foreman spoke up, with decision:

"Well, gentlemen, for my part I don't believe a word of their testimony! Nor do I think that it is at all worthy of belief. I'm a New York boy, born and bred here, and, to my certain knowledge, when any of these rascals get into trouble the rest of the gang will swear to anything to get him out. They all stick by one another!"

"So do the perilemen!" said Spence, (liquors), gruffly; "the half of them are as bad as the thieves. It's in the same boat they are."

"Dat ish so," affirmed Nitchie, (junk-dealer).

"Well, that is not my experience, gentlemen," observed another of the jurymen, Jones, (coach-maker), who had all the English respect for the men in authority.

"I don't see that this question has any thing to do with the case in hand at all!" the foreman remarked, impatiently. "The strong evidence against the prisoner is the testimony of Shea, who was with him in the boat and saw him fire the shot."

"Shure he's a cowardly informer!" exclaimed Spence, bitterly.

"What has that got to do with it?" demanded Hamersley, in astonishment.

"An informer's worse than a thief!"

A certain instance was still fresh in the mind of the liquor-dealer of how a party who had a grudge against him had once procured "drunks" of him on Sunday and then had gone straight to the police-station and "informed" on him.

"Dat ish true," the junkman assented, gravely. He likewise had once got into trouble by reason of an informer.

"But the man was under oath," Egbert (carman) said, in a stubborn sort of way, as if that fact was enough to carry conviction to any one.

"Shure I wouldn't believe an informer if he swore on a stack of Bibles!" cried Spence, indignantly.

"Gentlemen, we are wandering from the subject!" Hamersley declared. "Gentlemen, I move that the gentleman at the foot of the table give us his reason for assuming that the prisoner is innocent."

"Yes, yes," muttered three or four of the jury.

"Now, sir, if you will have the kindness to satisfy our curiosity upon this point, we'll be obliged to you, and perhaps, too, we shall be able to convince you that the stand you have taken is untenable."

"Give us your r'ason, man, anyway!" exclaimed Spence, who felt curious upon the point.

The juror, thus directly addressed, suffered his eyes to come down from the ceiling a moment and rest upon the faces now turned toward him in curious expectation.

"I sha'n't tell," said Blake, laconically.

The eleven jurymen certainly were astonished.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed the foreman, in despair, "it is no use wasting time after such an answer as that. I move that we report to the court that we can't agree."

"There's no lie in that!" Spence observed.

"But, see here, gentlemen!" cried Jones, (coachmaker), rising in his earnestness, "the Judge will never allow us to be dismissed until we do come to some sort of a verdict, or take a proper time to discuss the matter. Why, we have not been out over half an hour. I confess the case seems to me to be a very clear one, and that there is no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, although some of the jury may differ with me in regard to the extent of the punishment." Mr. Jones bowed to Spence, Nitchie and Murray. "If the young man at the end

of the table has any doubts upon the legal matters, let him tell the foreman, and he can apply to the Judge and get the desired information. I've seen that done in cases where I have been on the jury before and they did not quite agree."

Jones then sat down, and again every eye was fixed upon the stubborn juror, but he showed no indication of asking for information.

"Well, any thing that you want me to ask the Judge?" the foreman said.

Blake shook his head, but did not speak.

"Oh, let's go in the court again; what's the use of foolin' like this?" Spence cried, impatiently.

"The man might give his reasons," Haight (saddler) said, coaxingly.

"Yis, wan of us might change his mind if he had good rason for it to the fore," Spence observed.

But Blake never changed his position, nor allowed his eyes to wander from the ceiling. Words were evidently wasted upon him.

"Gentlemen!" said the foreman, rising, "is it agreed, then, that we go back to the court-room and inform the Judge that we can not agree and ask to be discharged?"

The jurymen, with the exception of Blake, all looked at each other for a moment, and then, one after the other, nodded their heads to Hamersley. Blake never stirred.

The foreman gave the obstinate juror one last chance.

"Is that your wish, too, sir?"

Then directly addressed, Blake nodded.

Then the jury filed back into the court.

A hum of conversation passed around the court-room as the jury entered, but as they took their seats a dead silence succeeded.

The Judge laid down the legal papers, which he had been perusing, and took a look at the jury.

A single glance at the troubled countenance of the foreman of the twelve men, "good and true," and the Judge instantly guessed that the jury had not been able to agree. An impatient frown came over his face, as in his mind there was no doubt of the prisoner's guilt.

Briefly the foreman stated that the jury had not been able to agree.

The Judge was not particularly given to speech-making, but on this occasion he rather "let himself out," and gave the jury such a reproof as a jury rarely gets; and at its close he told the jury to retire and not to come back until they did agree, adding significantly, that before morning they would probably manage to find a verdict, but not to hurry themselves on his account, as he was used to waiting.

Back again to their dingy apartment the twelve men went, and again resumed their seats.

Most of the jury felt that the Judge's reproof was deserved, but Spence was as angry as a disturbed hornet.

"He manes to look us up until we do agree!" he exclaimed, in exasperation. "Bad 'cess to him! I change my vote this minite! I say the man is not guilty now, and I'll stick to it, if I stay here till I rot!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A REMARKABLE JURY.

Nearly all of the jurymen were struck aghast at the abrupt declaration of the Irishman.

"I repeat it!" Spence cried, glaring around him as if with intent to pick a quarrel with some one; "the man is not guilty, and that blaggard of a Judge can't make me go back of that if I stay here till I'm carried out feet first, d'y'e mind?"

"But surely you wouldn't alter your opinion simply because you think that the Judge is disposed to be a little severe?" the foreman asked, in astonishment.

"May the devil fly away wid me if I bring him in guilty, now!" cried Spence, doggedly. "It is for the likes of a man like the Judge to sit on the bench an' as good as say that we're no better than a pack of fools, because we can't agree?"

"I think that you are putting it too strongly, sir," Jones said, mildly. "I am sure I do not consider that the Judge used any reprehensible language. He simply said that it was our duty to find a verdict, and that the case appeared to him to be perfectly plain and clear. And, for my part, I fully agree with the Judge there. I do not understand how any one could listen to the evidence and not be perfectly satisfied that this man Dominick not only killed the officer, but intended to do so; or, at least, to put the affair in its mildest form—intended to disable him."

"You believe that dirty informer!" cried Spence, shaking his fist wildly in excitement.

"Most decidedly I do."

"Well, I don't!" exclaimed Spence; "an' I'm not going to hang any man on the word of such a rapparee as this Shea."

"Ah, but my dear sir, you are not obliged to hang him, you know!" Murray, the oily, bald-headed broker, interposed. "I myself have grave doubts, but I should be willing to bring in a verdict that would send this man up to the State prison for a term of years. It is clearly our duty to protect society from the assaults of these ruffians," and then Mr. Murray rubbed his hands together, softly, and smiled beamingly upon his fellow-jurymen.

"Oh, yes!" retorted Spence, scornfully; "it's a ruffian he is bekase he's poor. If he wor a rich chap, living in wan of the brown-stone fronts up on Fifth avenue, maybe you wouldn't be so asy about it. It's twenty years he'll get now if we bring in a verdict agin' him."

"Gents, to speak classically, there's a good deal of chin music in this crowd, but it takes money to buy whisky," said Delap (painter), one of the jury who had not previously spoken.

This peculiar remark caused the rest of the jurymen to open their eyes, with the exception of the German, Blake, who had quietly seated himself in the corner, and seemed to be half-asleep.

Delap had a good deal of what is usually called the "B Bowery-Boy" style about him in person; he was a thick-set, muscular young fellow with an honest, intelligent-looking face.

"As I have said, gents, there's bin a good deal of talk," he continued, in the easy and measured way so common to the born and bred New Yorker. "Now for my part, I'll allow that I'm kinder sick of gas, an' I move that we get this business right up. As far as I kin see in this election, there's eight of us solid for the German, Blake, who had quietly seated himself in the corner, and seemed to be half-asleep.

And when, after the trial was ended, the Judge sat in his library at midnight—he had escorted Miss Desmond home that evening in company with Medham—and thought over the events of the trial and the respite of the prisoner, he caught himself muttering that it was not for long, and that sooner or later he would have Gentleman George by the hip, and either cast him into the snaky gape of the hangman's hempen noose, or into the State prison for life.

And then the question came up in the Judge's mind why he wished evil to Gentleman George.

"Oh, ain't that all O. K.?" asked the painter, pretending to be very much astonished. "Hadn't eight ought to knockle to four? No—well, I p'raps ought to be the other way; the four ought to yield to the eight."

A murmur of assent went up from the eight at this, but the four mentioned did not seem to relish the idea.

"The four are not solid," Haight, the sadder, said. "There are two for acquittal and two for conviction."

"Dat ish not so," the junk-man said. "I agrees mit mine friend here," and Nitchie to Spence. "I change mine vote."

"Aha!" cried Spence, exultingly; "there's another man that isn't going to be walked over by this scut of a Judge."

"Three for acquittal, eight for murder in the first degree, and one for manslaughter," Hamersley said. "That is correct, I believe?"

"Ready?" Murray, the broker, observed, slowly, "I believe that I must change my vote."

"Oho!" exclaimed Spence, "it's four to eight we are! Oh, you'll all come to the four after a while!"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Murray, drawing him self up, and looking dignified. "I do not change in that way, sir. From what the Judge said I perceive clearly that I was wrong in thinking that a verdict of manslaughter could be found according to the evidence in this case. The deed was not committed without premeditation, and there was no sudden excitement. No, sir, I am for a verdict of murder in the first degree."

Then Murray, who had risen at the first of his speech, sat down perfectly satisfied; at last he had created a sensation.

"Nine to three, then," Hamersley remarked.

"Gentlemen, I think that you ought to come round to our views upon this subject," Kemble said, mildly. He was the watchmaker and had not spoken before.

"Suppose that we compromise upon a verdict of murder in the second degree," Ramsay (clerk) suggested. "He probably would be sentenced to imprisonment for life; and really, although the man deserves it, I think that I should prefer not to hang him."

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THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

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Willowold, July 18—
"ALICK CASSIN.—Any plan you have, if effective, suits me. If need be we will remove Nina, Stella, Willoughby, and a dozen more! The object must be accomplished. WILSE DE MARTINE."

"Unfortunately, madam, I can not read the plot further. But last night I perused the whole correspondence between Allick Cassin and Wilse De Martine. I will give you a summary of the plot. I want to show you that I can expose the whole trail of villainy which you and your husband have followed during the last ten years, in pursuance of a diabolical scheme to rob me of the woman I loved, and who loved me."

"Very interesting. I hear. Go on, Jules Willoughby. I am fascinated," and she smiled—a white smile, forced and grim.

While he slipped the letter back into his pocket—and while she cast another eager but covert glance through the window, to note how close the stroller was, almost laughing loud and hard in anticipation of what would come presently—and while Mary Dyle stood aghast and statue-like, gaping in utter blankness on the tableau, her ears tingling with what she had heard—a momentary hush reigned, which was broken at last by Jules Willoughby.

"Here, madam, is your plot. By some means Wilse de Martine learned that it was the intention of Elise and myself to elope. He ascertained the night, the hour, in short, our whole plan. He frustrated it in this wise: having come to a complete understanding with Allick Cassin, the chemist, they met at *Shamrock Inn*, on the afternoon of the day preceding the night for our elopement. Cassin had brought a vailed lady to the *Inn*, who had nothing to say, who acted as if under some mesmeric power which he exercised over her. About ten o'clock in the evening of that night, ten years ago, when there were several intimate friends—ladies and gentlemen—gathered in the palace parlors of Willowold, a servant—an instructed and paid by Wilse De Martine to act cunningly—slipped a note into the hand of Elise, behaving as though he did it at great risk, as if he feared being seen by others, and giving her a warning look. Somewhat uneasy because it was to be such an eventful night to her; and apprehending some obstacle to the success of their plan of elopement, she hastily excused herself, left the company, and sought her room. At the same time Wilse de Martine also withdrew, and went out to the back of the house. When alone Elise read the note. It was in the handwriting of her lover. It bade her come to the carriage-way at the rear; said that they must flee instantly—it being then nearly two hours before the time agreed upon. Believing the message to be genuine, from Jules Willoughby, utterly deceived by the shrewd imitation of chirography, she obeyed without delay. Pausing only to throw a lace shawl over her shoulders, and donning her cute hat, she stole away toward the spot indicated in the note. The night was dark. Not far ahead a carriage was waiting in the gloom. Filled with joyous anticipation, she sped onward. But she halted suddenly. She discovered four figures, apparently watching her, waiting for her—enough to chill her blood with horrible suspicion. Wilse De Martine grasped her, and stifled her cries; Allick Cassin applied some potent drug to her nostrils, and when insensible, she was placed inside the vehicle. All this was done very noiselessly. The third figure was Thaddeus, a villain who was then, and is still, in the employ of Wilse De Martine; and the fourth figure was the vailed female whom Allick Cassin had brought to *Shamrock Inn*. She was unconscious, and lay limply in the arms of the burly ruffian. Just as the carriage was about to start, the sound of horse-hoofs and rumbling wheels broke on their ears, and a second carriage dashed up, almost colliding with the other. This contained Jules Willoughby. He knew there was a gay company at Willowold, and had conceived the very same idea which his enemies had projected—that of persuading Elise to flee while the assemblage were busy and mirthful. He would not have known what was actually transpiring had it not been for the rashness of Wilse De Martine, who cried out:

"Away! Away! Here is her lover himself! He will rescue her! Away then!"

Jules Willoughby was quick to divine the meaning of those words, and the fearful significance of the tableau which startled his gaze. He realized instantly that his Elise was being abducted.

"Villains! What are you at?" he screamed, pouncing upon them, and clawing like a madman.

Thaddeus dropped his burden and grappled with the intruder upon their abominable plot. At one ponderous blow he felled Jules Willoughby to the earth, as though he had been stricken down by an ax. Before he fell, he cried out:

"Away! Away! Here is her lover himself! He will rescue her! Away then!"

The driver of the second carriage was a coward, and he fled when he saw the encounter.

Willoughby was thrust into the carriage, where his own Elise lay unconscious, and while lifeless under the effect of the merciless stroke, he was drugged with the same hellish stuff which had robbed Elise of her senses. Wilse De Martine and Thaddeus returned to the house, bearing with them the insensible form of the vailed female. By stealth, and through a side entrance, they gained the apartment of Elise unobserved, and laid the female on the couch. Wilse De Martine took from his pocket a large pastille and a match. But before he could use the pastille the female unexpectedly awoke from the lethargy which had been forced upon her by the fiend, Allick Cassin. Bewildered and dismayed, she sprang from the bed, tore away the soft vail, and stared wildly at them. It was Stella Bellerayon! De Martine seized her gently but firmly by the wrist.

"Be quiet," he said. "We will not harm you. We have brought you here that you might see Jules Willoughby."

"To see Jules—you have brought me here to see Jules?" she exclaimed, as if under the impression that she was dreaming, and drawing one hand mechanically across her incredulous, staring eyes.

"Yes, to see him," spoke De Martine. "But to bring you to him, we must put you to sleep. You are now in the bedroom of Elise De Martine, your rival!"

"Ah! then this is some plot to kill me. I am lost! I am lost!" he cried.

"No—to the contrary, Elise is removed. In two hours Jules will be here. He will awaken you, mistaking you for her—you resemble her closely—and take you in a carriage to the church to be married. For, let me tell you, there was a plan between them to elope this night. When you are his wife, you will be satisfied. His disappointment at his blunder will pass away in time, and you will both be happy. Do as we wish and you shall be the wife of Jules Willoughby. Let me put you to sleep—you can not sleep of your own will, and as you may make a long journey with him, you require rest beforehand."

Stella Bellerayon was not long snapping at the bait. She passionately adored Jules Willoughby. To secure him for her husband, she would adopt any means—driven to desperation

by his desertion of her, for the avowed purpose of wedding Elise De Martine, and having yielded to her passion for him till she felt that existence without him would be miserable.

"Let me put you into a pleasant dream," said De Martine, with oily persuasiveness.

"A dream! Shall I see him in a dream?"

"Yes—and wake to a realization of your hopes."

It did not involve much importunity. Rejoicing in the promise that she should awake to find herself in the arms of the man she loved, thoroughly deluded by the affected sincerity of Wilse De Martine, and not even questioning the motive of these strangers, whose names she did not know, whose faces she had never seen, and whose ardor in her behalf was unnatural, she returned to the couch, and voluntarily inhaled an intoxicating perfume which he gave her. When she appeared to be overcome by the odorous smelling-bottle—another of Allick Cassin's vile preparations—he again brought forth the pastille and the match. Placing the first on the bosom of the girl, he ignited it and drew back. For a second the pastille sputtered and sparkled; then, with a sharp, rustling hiss, it seemed to resolve itself inside out, rising upward, coiling over, twisting and squirming like a thing of life, and presently expired. A bluish smoke hovered like a mist above the couch; a strange, cloying aroma filled the atmosphere of the room. But instead of the pastille, there now lay coiled upon the breast of the sleeper, a *silver serpent*, miraculously perfect, even to the teeth, and enlarged spleen. Palsy of the limbs, especially of the arms, is a common disease among them, as also is consumption.

Glass-blowers are the victims of those afflictions produced by sudden vicissitudes of temperature—rheumatism and various inflammations. They are apt to become thin, and delicate, and their eyes get weak.

Stone-cutters inhale the sharp particles, which tend to produce disease of the lungs, while plasterers suffer from excessive moisture—they are also troubled with labored breathing, and they digest badly.

Flinters are short-lived; for whether the metal be brass or iron, the fine sharp particles make their way into the lungs of even the hardiest workmen, where they develop disease—sometimes asthma, sometimes consumption.

Dogs.—The St. Bernard dogs have always been accounted the most sagacious. There are none of the pure breed in this country, therefore the Newfoundland takes their place in the favor of Americans. This species is more fond of persons than any other, while hunting dogs—the setters and pointers, which are equally intelligent—become attached to fowling-pieces, and the appurtenances of the chase. The shepherd's dog is considered the primitive stock from which all varieties are derived. He is remarkably affectionate and sagacious, and appears to exert a degree of superiority over animals who require human protection. The flock and the herd obey his voice, while he guides and guards them. The wolf-dog is the largest of the dog-kind, often growing four feet and a half in height, and gaining the size of a year-old calf. Hunting dogs have the quickest and most distinguishing sense of smelling. In tropical climates they lose scent from the constant odors of putrefaction which prevail, and are useless to the sportsman. The gane-hound, a very remarkable dog, the species of which is now lost, hunted by the eye and not by the scent.

Fight Between a Dog and Lynx.—A letter from East Walker river, Nevada, relates the following: On the 28th of December, Eddie Dodson was out playing down by the river bank, in Esmeralda county, and his dog was going around and snarled up a Rocky Mountain lynx. Eddie went back to the house, and told his father about it. On the 29th he went back again, and his dog—only eight months old—ran to the lynx in the river, and they fought under the water for about fifty yards, and then came to the surface of the water. Then they let go their holds and went down again. When they came up the dog had killed the lynx. Then the little master waded in and got it, and brought it to shore. The boy is twelve years old. The lynx was four feet long, and two feet three inches in height. It is said by all the oldest mountaineers that it is the biggest lynx that ever has been captured in the country.

German Forests.—Few people have any idea of the extent of forest-land in Germany, and most imagine that of the Black Forest life is left except tradition. On the contrary, in Hanover alone there are 900,000 acres of wood under State management, while nearly a fourth part of the area of Prussia is in forest, although half of that is in private hands. As is well known, the forest administration in particular districts has long been famous, especially in Thuringia and the Hartz Mountains. In North Germany generally the responsibilities are allotted in districts among a carefully organized body of officers, presided over by a forest director. The appointments are fairly remunerated, and they are so eagerly sought after that candidates will remain on probation for years for their own cost, or with moderate and precarious pay, in the hope of securing a place in the corps at last.

A Strange Story at Sea.—In the year 1755, the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by the icebergs, and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it, but received no answer. Getting into a boat with some of his crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Coming alongside the vessel, he saw through the port-hole a man at a table, as though keeping a log-book, frozen to the bone. The last date in the log-book was 1772, showing that the vessel had been drifting for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found, some frozen among the hammocks, and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses—a drifting sepulcher manned by a frozen crew.

Paris Pigeons.—A new thing in pigeons is being exhibited on the Paris streets. A Frenchman trundles about a pigeon-house on wheels. The flock—ten or twelve in number—are at full liberty to remain in or out. The locomotive dove-cot is planted on a corner. The Frenchman blows a trumpet, and off fly the whole flock a quarter of a mile or so, settling eventually on house-tops and window-sills. Another peculiar blast, and back they come. As they approach, the red flagman holds up a small red flag. That red flag is for one particular bird, which knows its color, and settles upon the staff as the showman holds it horizontally. In like manner are blue, white, and parti-colored flags held up, each one of which seems the exclusive property or signal of a particular bird, and on which that especial bird, which meantime has been waiting on some window ledge or house-top, settles.

some of the most interesting among the mass of facts and data brought to light.

It appears that gilders are subject to mercular affections. They suffer from giddiness, asthma, and very frequently from partial paralysis, which often induces a peculiar kind of stammering; they also frequently suffer from unpleasant ulcers in the mouth.

Miners in the quicksilver mines suffer from vertigo, palsy, and convulsions, and the occupation cannot be pursued long time.

Pottery glaziers, who use lead largely, get into a condition very similar to that described above, with the addition of dropsy, loss of teeth, and enlarged spleen. Palsy of the limbs, especially of the arms, is a common disease among them, as also is consumption.

Glass-blowers are the victims of those afflictions produced by sudden vicissitudes of temperature—rheumatism and various inflammations. They are apt to become thin, and delicate, and their eyes get weak.

Stone-cutters inhale the sharp particles, which tend to produce disease of the lungs, while plasterers suffer from excessive moisture—they are also troubled with labored breathing, and they digest badly.

Flinters are short-lived; for whether the metal be brass or iron, the fine sharp particles make their way into the lungs of even the hardiest workmen, where they develop disease—sometimes asthma, sometimes consumption.

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A CASE OF HOPTICS

BY JON JOY, JR.

There was a man in our town
Who was most wondrous wise,
You'll always find some two or three
In towns about this side.
Who is wondrous wise so very full
Of wisdom's gathered wealth,
That it is plainly to be seen
They can't enjoy good health.

This man's eyes itched; to scratch them well
Was the height of his desire;
He turned a double summerset
And landed in the briars.
He might have hired a scratching cat
At a little cost,
But still he thought his plan the best,
And he was wondrous wise.

Now when he came to look around,
Imagine his surprise,
And pain of heart when he beheld
He hadn't any eyes!
And such an accident as this
Was not without a cause,
Although that had but half an eye,
Was a sad sight to see.

He failed to see how it could be,
So he never looked about,
The more convinced did he become
That both his eyes were out.
He gazed upon his serious loss
With philosophic mind,
And saw that since he'd lost his eyes
He might some day go blind.

He saw that man who lacked their eyes
Was nearly past to see,
In all that he saw he saw those
Who yet have two or three.
The observations he observed
Were very wondrous wise;
I think the first time he remarked
Was, "Mercy, bless my eyes!"

He felt his sight would be impaired
For many years to come;
And now he saw his own had staid
And had them scratch'd at home.
Adjusting then his spectacles
He looked across the rims—
His eyes were plainly visible
A-dangling from some limps.

The sight affected him to tears,
And made his soft heart sore,
He prayed he might be caused to see
A sight he had no more.
Based on this principle,
A dog's bark cures the bite,
And thought if he'd jump in again
That he'd come out all right.

Now I can swear upon my oath
There's not any man
Save those raised in our town who would
Turns three double summerset,
And through the brush he flies;
Then looks into a looking-glass;
And finds he has his eyes!

Strange Stories.

TANNHAUSER, THE TROUBADOUR;
A Legend of Thuringia.

BY AGILE PENNE.

THE shades of night were gathering fast over
peaked mountain-top, sheltered valley, and
grain-clad plain, as a mail-clad knight rode
through the wooded defiles that fringed the
sides of the rugged mountains of Horselberg.

Slowly the knight rode on, careless of the
darkness that lowered upon him, heedless of the
danger that menaced the unwary traveler, who, at the
twilight hour, dared to ride from Eisenach to
Gotha, past the haunted mountain, known far
and wide as the Horselberg.

No peasant of Eisenach's pleasant plains but
could have told him of the mystic cavern
deep within the bowels of the mountain; no
burgher within thriving Gotha's walls, but
knew the legend of the fair women that
formed Venus's court in the vaulted chamber
that the goblins in days of yore had constructed
within the center of the Horselberg.

But the knight who rode so heedless onward
was a stranger to Thuringia; a Frank born
and bred, and no better gentleman had ever
lifted lance in defense of the lily flowers than
Tannhauser, known to fame as "The Troubadour."

As skilled in touching the strings of the
lonely lute as in wielding the captain's lance,
France boasted no cavalier her superior in all
the attributes of nobility.

And yet, as the twilight darkens into the
gloom of the night, young Tannhauser rides on
alone, a self-made exile from his native land;
his heart filled with woe, and his brow furrowed
by the lines of care.

A year and a twelve-month ago, one of
France's fairest daughters had plighted her
troth to Tannhauser, the Troubadour.

And now, in that sad evening hour, the
maiden knelt and prayed, the bride of Heaven,
a vowed nun, within a dark convent's walls,
and young Tannhauser rides on alone through
the German land.

It was a simple story, and one that the world
has heard oft before.

Tannhauser had sailed with the African
Crusader; a prisoner had fallen to the insolent
foe, and in the Moorish dungeons had languished
for many a long month.

The expedition returned without the Troubadour,
and rumor gave out that he, on the field
of glory, had fallen.

The maiden he had loved so well sought
refuge at once in the cloister; since her earthly
love had died, the bride of Heaven alone she
would be.

The chant was said and the mass was sung,
and holy mother Church received within her
fold another fresh young heart.

And then, after the deed was done, from the
Moorish dungeon the young Frenchman
escaped, and straight came home to claim his
bride, but the year of novitiate was over, and
the solemn vows had been taken.

Yain young Tannhauser called upon old
mother Church to give him back his fair young
bride. Cowled monk and veiled sister—hearts
chilled to earthly passions—alike said nay.

And then the despairing lover waxed wroth.
With some few congenial spirits, desperate as
himself, Tannhauser tried to tear from the cold
stone walls and the cloister's gloom the fresh
young heart that had sought refuge there.

The attempt failed, and the stern abbot, old
in years, and cold in heart, called down upon
the head of the daring youth the thunders of
an outraged Church. The civil law, too, reached
forth its armed hand. Tannhauser, the Troubadour,
was forced to fly, a fugitive from his native land.

Daring and desperate, then, the darkness
and the wild way suited well with the stormy
passion that was raging within his outraged
heart.

Life and limb had he freely ventured—gold
and blood had he freely spent for the Church
that within its living tomb had engulfed his
young love.

The twilight grew dense in the dark defile,
and the sky above was dark, as Tannhauser
came to where the side of the Horselberg
frowned bare.

A deep cavern he saw, extending into the
mountain, and as he glanced at the threatening
clouds above, the thought came that here was
shelter if the storm burst and the rain de-
scended.

The noble steed that the Troubadour be-
strove, felt the light, half-unconscious pressure
upon its gilded rein, and halted.

And then, as Tannhauser looked into the
dark cavern, wondrous vision burst upon his
sight.

Within the mouth of the deep recess stood a
female form framed in the matchless symmetry
that the Greeks of old gave to the queen
of womanly beauty, peerless Venus.

A moment Tannhauser gazed entranced upon
the sight, for he could scarce believe his eyes;
and then in his heart, withered and sere, he felt a
new passion flaming.

"Wilt not dismount, oh, knight, and tarry
awhile with me?" the woman said, her voice
sweet as a golden-stringed harp, swept by fairy
fingers. "The night is dark, the way is drear;
in my palace within the mountain the ruby wine
flows free, the light is streaming ever from
golden lamps, and maidens, fair as the mer-
maid's beauty, wait to welcome great Tann-
hauser, flower of chivalry."

Slowly yielding to the magic spell of the
siren's witchery, the knight descended from the
saddle. Gone was now the fatigue of the jour-
ney; the coat of mail—his warlike harness—no
longer galled his limbs, but sat as easy upon
him as if each piece of steel were as light as
a gossamer web. His heart, too, no longer felt
like a lump of lead within his breast, but
swelled high with a strange, wild passion.

"Who are you?" the knight questioned, as he
drew near to the woman who possessed the
face of an angel and the form of a sylph.

"I am the goddess Venus," the woman an-
swered, beckoning the youth to approach still
nearer. "The men of old worshipped me;
pleasure lies within my gift. Come with me in
to my mountain home, and I will teach thee to
forget the earthly maid for whose loss you sor-
row. One request alone I make. Cast away
the warrior's sword you wear. The symbol of
the hill is not for me or mine."

Tannhauser was in the mood for desperate
deeds. The cross-hilted sword he plucked from
its scabbard and tossed it away. Then into the
cavern of the Horselberg he followed the fair
goddess, who in the olden time had won the
golden apple.

Scarce had Tannhauser passed within the
dark portal when the forked lightning and the
dread thunder rolled across the sky.

Was it the rejoicing of the spirits of evil that
Venus had lured another mortal to her magic
abode?

Seven years in careless revelry Tannhauser,
the Troubadour, passed in the golden palace of
the heathen goddess, and then, appetite began
to pall; he had drunk so deep of the cup of
pleasure that he no longer craved the draft.
In one unceasing round of mirth and revelry
had passed the seven years. No thought of
church or priest, or rite or prayer. But the all-
powerful arm of Heaven penetrated even to the
heart of the mountain, and deliverance was
near.

In the mazes of the dance, as Tannhauser ex-
tended his arms to embrace the goddess, upon
the ground there fell the shadow of a cross.
"Oh, Virgin mother, save me!" cried Tann-
hauser, as the sacred symbol woke remem-
brance and broke the magic spell, which had
bound his senses in a mystic chain.

The sirens, the golden palace, all faded in an
instant, and Tannhauser found himself upon
the bleak mountain-side, all clad in rags, and
aged almost beyond expression.

Quick to the nearest priest he hurried, and
told the story of his temptation and fall.

The father, aghast, cried out that such a tale
was much beyond his comprehension, and that
absolutely he could not grant.

And so Tannhauser journeyed through the
land; to priest after priest he made confession,
and each and all returned him the same answer.
The crime was so great that they knew not
whether his soul could be freed from sin or no.

To Rome then—the eternal city, perched upon
the seven hills—Tannhauser journeyed.

Pope Urban sat in the papal chair, chief of
the Christian world.

With staring eyes and fearful face, the poni-
ffit heard the fearful story of Tannhauser.

"Absolution! It can not be!" the ghostly
father cried; "as soon shall this dry staff that I
hold in my hands grow green and blossom as
guilt like thine be forgiven!"

Tannhauser fled in wild despair.

Then lo! and behold within three days the
priest's staff put forth buds and burst into
flower!

Search was made for wretched Tannhauser,
and the messengers, tracking him close, saw the
gloom of the Horselberg closed around him,
as feebly he entered the only refuge left. Tann-
hauser was never seen again. And Satan
laughed as he recorded the soul, sealed to him
by human bigotry.

Who Was to Blame?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

EVERYBODY was astounded *almost* beyond
expression when the fact became decidedly pat-
tent that Mr. Edward Raymond was paying his
sincere addresses to little Gussie Lawrence; but
when everybody had prophesied that if Mr.
Raymond succeeded in actually marrying the
outrageous little flirt, they were surprised at the
fulfillment of their own saying, and could only
look on and wonder at the grand wedding
and prophesy further developments of the
bride's coquetry.

Gussie Lawrence had turned many a fellow's
head, and touched many a fellow's heart; she
was never without a lover, and yet, no one
could say, who knew her well—including
these beauties of hers—that Gussie had ever
been in love.

She was gay, airy, winsome, pretty; she
had a vivacity about her that never trenched
on vulgarity, a sweet unselfishness that was
her rarest charm—the charms that had at first
attracted Edward Raymond, the grave, staid
man of twice Gussie's years, who had learned
to adore her, and taught her to love him so
dearly.

At first, Gussie had laughed when any one
teased her on her new conquest; then, when
she knew Mr. Raymond better, she had
quietly denied flirting with him; later, blushed
prettily if any one mentioned him, then, open-
ly avowed their engagement, and demanded to
be congratulated on having secured "the best
man in the world."

People—that vague power who has such
work to do, though nobody knows *who* does it
—were sure the engagement would not last;
Mr. Raymond was too sensible to marry such
a chit of a girl, for all she had such pretty blue
eyes, and spun gold hair; or, if the thrill of
her witchery still had him bound, it was al-
most sure that Gussie would tire of him before
the wedding; and then, actually married, and settled
back from their four weeks' tour, and settled
down in Elm avenue, this same prophetic
body waited to see if matrimony had cured
Mrs. Gussie Raymond of her flirting propensities.

Some of this talk came, in a very round-
about way, to Mr. Raymond's ears, and he na-
turally told Gussie what he heard.

She laughed, regarded it quite a joke, and
tuned the conversation adroitly.

"Did I tell you Mark was coming? Mark
Sunderland? You know we sent cards to
him, and wrote to Mrs. Sunderland to visit
us at her earliest convenience?"

She was so pretty in her blue merino
wrapper, with the black velvet buttons; she read
from the letter in her hands tiny extracts with
such a sweet, gracious way, and—spoke of this
gentleman friend in such a charmingly
familiar manner.

"Mr. Sunderland? I have forgotten, really,
the name of your husband, I presume?"

"Somehow—wasn't it strange—Mr. Raymond
wondered at the slightly-deepened tint on his
wife's cheeks.

"Oh, no! Mark is her son—he's not mar-
ried; why we were—"

She stopped, point blank, actually distressed
in her confusion.

Her husband pitted her.

"What, darling? If you and Mr. Sunder-
land were very dear friends once, surely I am
not jealous now."

He reached his hand over the little table to
her and pressed her fingers assuringly.

"But I was afraid you would feel—feel, sorry
you know, to have him come."

"I shall be delighted to have him, dear—if
you want him."

"Somehow—oh! that hateful vagueness of
thought!—he thought she would make some
pretty little *deserves* to his will—understood
contrary to its expression."

"Oh, I do want him!"

She said it so suddenly, so eagerly, so
earnestly; and that moment Edward Raymond
thought Mark Sunderland had never been such
a very special friend of Gussie.

He looked, just a little moodily, into her
frank, fair face.

"Well, dear, I'll try not to be jealous. But,
you'll promise not to flirt with him?"

He might have been in fun or earnest for all
Gussie could tell. But she laughed joyously.

"The idea, you horrid old bear! as if I'd
flirt with the handsomest man living when I've
got you."

Raymond was quite sarcastic to himself,
but he could not help smiling at the mate's
boldness.

He was a handsome fellow, as Gussie had
inferred; stylish in his manner of dress, gallant
in his demeanor, frank and free in his inter-
course. A very good sort of guest, one whom
Mr. Raymond would have appreciated to
the full if he had not been forever remembering
that Gussie and Mark had once been—what?
Engaged lovers? Gussie never had completed
that sentence, and he certainly never would so
licit her confidence.

Sometimes it struck him that Mark and Gussie
were very friendly; remarkably interested in
each other, and once he spoke of it to Gussie,
not as carelessly as he might have done, either.

She had flushed in a moment, and the tears
sprang to her eyes.

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She was a pretty girl. She was of a lithe, flexible,
well-rounded form, and, naturally enough, inherited from her father the
Chilian style of beauty, having large, soft, black
eyes, a clear, olive complexion, and mobile, ex-
pressive features.

The second mate, Mr. Braddon—a fine,
manly, intelligent young fellow—admired
Lucia from the moment he helped her up the
vessel's gangway of Liverpool, and noted the
deep blush suffusing her smooth, round cheeks,
as her modest "Thank you!" was uttered, and the
soft black eyes were a moment lifted toward
him, to be veiled the next by the long,
curling lashes.

The late insane behavior of her uncle ter-
minated Lucia; but Mr. Braddon assured her that
the madman should not be allowed to harm
her.

One day, however, the captain, during his
ravings on deck, told her that he would throw
her overboard, which so terrified Lucia that
she now seldom ventured on deck, keeping her
most of the time in her room in the
cabins with the door locked.

A week after, having noticed that the captain
every day became more violent, the mates held
a consultation, when it was resolved that the
mate should be put in confinement.

The ship at this time lay becalmed in lat.
21° 28' several hundreds of miles to the east-
ward of the Carribbean Islands. It was very
warm and